

## Cappadonna

### "Brothaz Respect"

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Yup, you got the juice now, man

Niggas respect mine  
(Brothaz respect mine, brothaz respect mien)  
Respect mine  
(Brothazx respect mine)

Yo, I be, out here, in these streets  
While you be, in the bed, under the sheets  
I grind hard, regardless, I'm gon' eat  
I don't care how many niggas you roll with or how deep

'Cuz I say one word, now you fast asleep  
I rebute rappers that spread poison  
I come in the meet for him  
Speak words that make born

You in my brainstorm  
I sting men that do the innocent wrong  
Your sentiments gone

You imagining vain things  
Neglecting me, but I reign king  
Savagy and wankstas  
Is not a part of my main stream, they plain jeans

I'm King Original, Tao Wu Tazine  
Solomon darts, vocabulary Nazarines  
Come with a sharp sword

I'm justified by all means, back up from my altar  
Falsehood niggas become falser  
I came back and stepped out of the sourcer  
Respect mines, make me an offer  
Or face the 36 Chambers of Torture

Brothaz respect mine  
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The General, rebel the great  
I'm on money like the president face  
Next felony's a federal case  
New blood, you can never relate  
True blood, you can never debate  
Not in nueve tres

I spit like a deagle with the speed low  
Hustle hard, gamble on the game like Pete Rose  
Respect mine, steppin' with the G code  
Make a nigga move like cops through the peephole

Manifesto, light it like a techno club  
Outside and don't expect no love  
Rolling like a west coast thug til the wheels fall off  
And I be damned if you step on 'cuz

Brothaz respect vets, son is a vet  
Henny rap, feel it up on your chest  
Green eyes try and smuggle my rep  
So upset but you love it to death  
Get it in, shits, nothing to Deck, he set

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For respect, I empty shots out of this tech  
Catch homey at the light, drag him out of his Lex'  
On the edge like Q on the ledge, you got the Juice now  
I took a pledge to the streets, since it was goosed down

Police move foul, I can move the crowd  
Freestyle or bang bang, any rapper shoot him down  
Pull the ruger out, from the Hill to the Harbor  
Bloomingdale Road, Goonberg, stupid clout

Old school money, get it from my grandad  
So I use a nigga face like I punch a sandbag  
Ran fats when the van passed  
My pants sag, scuffs on my Air Max  
Blood on my man's rag

Got the homey loc'ing, I'm still Wolfpacking  
Looking like Kobe open, just passing  
Two 4, numbers I rep  
So my hunger for this bread  
Probably hustle to death, yeah

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